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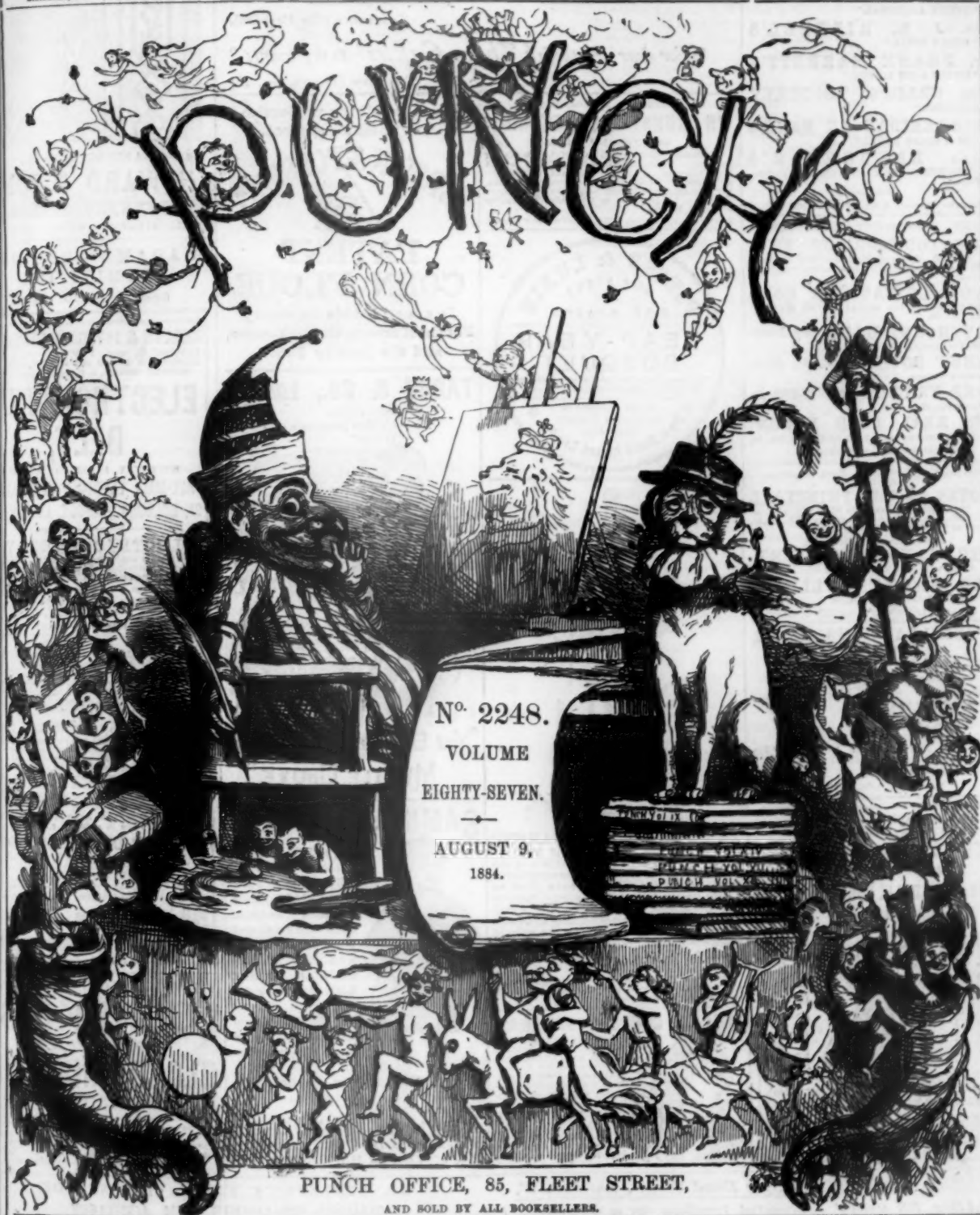
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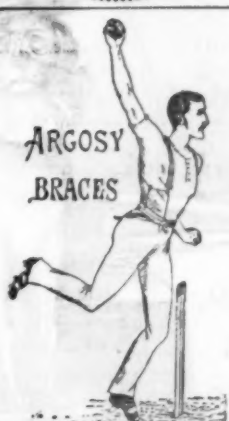
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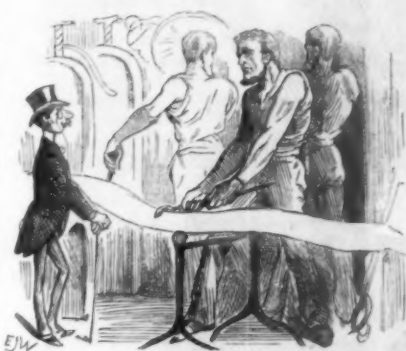
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THE TOWN.

No. IX.—THE FACTORY.

Who 'll sing the Chimney? Not the shuddering bard!
Dew and the soaring lark, the leafy show



Of June-clad woods,
the gloaming
golden-starred,
Church-spire and
mountain-peak—
these freely flow
In limpid verse;
but the dull engine-
yard,
Where swart and
sweating toil
foregathers? No!
The song of
Labour's life
demands a sweep
DE TWITTER's trim-
built stanzas can-
not keep.

Owner of unearned
thousands, and a
taste,

Bland MELIBŒUS, whose æsthetic eye
A soot-flake shoeks, bans the grey city's waste,
Its sunless yards and shrieking enginery.
The locomotive's unrepentful haste,
The sordid street, the smoke be-clouded sky,
All from which RUSKIN—by fierce words—would free us,
Is evil unredeemed to MELIBŒUS.

Was it the hand of Nature, or of Man
Made metal noisy and made carbon black?
May we hark back to the Arcadian plan,
The lumbering wain and the deep-rutted track?
Although he vaunts his tastes Virgilian,
And finds such music in the mill-wheel's clack,
Sleek MELIBŒUS lingers in Park Lane,
Dines at his Club, and travels home by train!

Meanwhile the myriad thralls of sooty toil,
Mechanic myrmidons in ant-like throngs,
Sweat to subserve his needs. Foul forges spoil
The human hive as theme for urban songs.
The flaming cauldron and the glowing coal,
The noise, the noisomeness, all that belongs
To Manufacture in the mighty city
Moves MELIBŒUS to contemptuous pity.
Pity? Let MELIBŒUS come and learn
Broader compassion than the sniffing woe
Of *diletanti*; see, how drudges earn
Their starveling pittance. Chilled by winter's snow,
From dull and distant rookeries out they turn,
Hours ere the London dawn's first sickly glow
Touches the sky, while drowsing still on down,
Snug lie the moneyed thousands of the Town.

See them throng in! The bell's sonorous clang,
Toil's tocsin, quickens laggard steps. The stout
Look sombre; some whom fell disease's fang
Has marked may stagger midst the hurrying rout,
But Hunger hides the sharp rheumatic pang;
The lean-jawed labourer who has long been "out"
Crawling from yard to yard in search of work,
For some sharp twinges will not shrink or shirk.

Keen eyes are on him. Pusson's solemn frown
And sharp rebuke would seathe him did he take
Too long an "easy." Pusson, churl and clown,
Has power to make stout Britons cringe and quake.
A man of wide if dubious renown,
Of still vindictiveness which he will shake
In a poor wretch's ruin, and smile on
The unmoved managerial paragon.

Such his employers deem him. They indeed
Are souls superior, of too high a flight
Aught but the gross result of toil to heed,
The individual toiler's far too slight
A matter for their thought. Old MATTOCK's meed
Is his apportioned wage; this cancels quite
The only claim his steadiest service offers,
Which is not on their conscience but their coffers.

MATTOCK has served them fifty years or so,
A faithful drudge, his ageing limbs exposed
To Summer's heat, to Winter's wet and cold;
Now his half century of use is closed,
His cramp-racked limbs at length are weak and slow.
O'er his last task the old man lagged and dozed,
Espied by Pusson. Labour's field is large,
And MATTOCK's fate is—summary discharge!

Why not? Must economic law give place
To MATTOCK's special need? Forbid it, Sage!
The work-worn clod has run his weary race.
Has spent his manhood's strength for scanty wage.
Cold Trade ignores the soft superfluous grace
Of sympathy for broken health or age.
What lies before its grey toil-shattered slave?
Poverty's dole, the Workhouse and the Grave.
Such long-drawn labour swells the gathering gain
Which makes his masters pillars of the Trade,
Town notables, whose skill and force of brain
Wake platform panegyrics. Scribes upbraid
The banded Craftsmen who, their strength made plain,
Stretch it till Capital shrinks, sore afraid:
Labour unphalanxed at their feet must cower
Whose tyranny taught it the abuse of power.

'Neath Pusson's sway intelligence is chilled
And independence crushed; no human grace
Lightens subjection, labour's laugh is stilled,
And skill unalavish wears a sullen face.
Like some dull creek by sluggish waters filled
And emptied tide by tide, the grim grey place
At morn and night whilst garish gaslights gleam,
Absorbs and voids a joyless human stream.

Not all are Pussons truly, and not all
Labour's great Captains churls austere and mean;
But Labour knows how oft the toiling thrall
Is slave to Greed, that wolf though gorged still lean,
And still voracious! Enterprise they call
The hungry thing that has the art to glean
From herded harried thousands tithe and toll,
Squeezed from starved body and from stunted soul.

A feature of the Town which fribbles miss
And optimists ignore. More pleasant far
For Statesmen in postprandial eulogies
Of the mechanic Arts, the conquering ear
Of Science, and the bullion-dowered bias
Of British Enterprise, to hymn the star
Ascendant of the "Happy Engineer,"
Dimmed only by Trades' Unions, Strikes, and Beer!

Meanness! Society's canker, clinging curse
Of civilisation! Thee the cleric lash
Assails not. Does the pulpit dare asperse
The cold close-fisted devotee of cash
Who steals not, cheats not, ventures nothing worse
Than the sharp selfish "thrift" which does not clash
With any Christian grace,—save now and then
With that vague virtue called "Goodwill to Men"?

Goodwill! Ah, MELIBŒUS, chide no more
Town's fuming factories, fated birth of time!
Denounce cold hearts, brand the illiberal boor,
Show niggard greed an extra-legal crime.
Goodwill may help the City's toiling poor,
Who still must live and work midst smoke and grime,
Not, like sham Watteau shepherds, pipe and loll
With knotted sleeves against a grassy knoll!

THE Healtheries has a literature of its own. We have received quite a library of Works on Health from the South Kensington Show. The latest is a scientific work by "The Brothers BLOBS," entitled *Farmer Somebody's Visit to the Healtheries* (we've forgotten the exact name, as some unprincipled person has walked off with our copy), with an account of all he saw, eat, and drank there. It strikes us that we have heard of "BLOBS" before, in What-you-may-Corlett's Sporting and Sportive Journal, but we were not aware that he had a brother in the same line of literature. This volume is one of which the entire BLOBS Family might well be proud. Having brought out this stupendous work, we should strongly advise the BLOBS Brothers to rest on their laurels, or in their laurels, or under their laurels,—in fact, wherever they may happen to find themselves and their laurels. The *Farmer's* notion of entering the Healtheries is very funny.

REAL HARD-SHIPS.—Ironclads.



UN MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

(Some way after the well-known Picture by Mr. Orchardson, R.A., in *this Year's Academy*.)

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL dined with Lord SALISBURY on Thursday, July 31st.

A TRILL FOR THE TWELFTH.

Inscribed to the Faithful Commons.

With clear blue sky and the purple heather,
And amber and brown of the mountain stream,
You gaze entranced and you wonder whether
The days in London were all a dream.

There's health and life in the moorland breezes,
The doctors will say you inhale ozone;
The bore of the Club no longer teases,
The bores of the House no longer drone.

The crowded ball and the dreary dinner
Are over, and Fashion decrees a rest
For tired M.P. and for money-spinner,
You seek it here on the mountain breast.

The birds are strong and the dogs are steady,
You tackle the hills with a keen delight;
With eye that's keen and a hand that's ready,
And many the birds that fall ere night.

You voted late and you voted early,
You stuck to the Whips when they kept a House;
But now you're out of the hurly-burly,
May Fate reward you with endless grouse.

Fifty Years Since.

ON Friday last the Prince of WALES presided at a Meeting held in the Guildhall to celebrate the Jubilee of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies. And fifty years hence they will probably be celebrating the abolition of something which is considered to-day (as Slavery was then) a buttress of Commerce and a Prop of the State. *Verbum sap.*

HARD WORK.—In the Borough of Ramsgate they send round a "demand note," informing the ratepayers that—

"The Collector of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, &c., &c., demands payment," &c., &c.

(Signed) "H. M. DUNT, Collector."

What work Mr. DUNT must have, if, besides being Collector of Rates and Taxes, he is also the Collector of Mayors, Aldermen, and Burgesses! How does he do it? And Our Correspondent who sends this, replies, "I dunt know."



'ON THE MART.'

First Speculator. "PEKIN TURNPIKES SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS! WHAT DID YOU CLEAR BY THEM?"

Second Ditto. "MY POCKETS!"

"ROBERT" IN HYDE PARK AGAIN.

HAVING so thoroughly enjoyed my day's outing in High Park on Monday, I was quite ready to accept the friendly invitation of a old friend who is a Baker, and therefore of course a Conserwatif, to accompany him there on Saturday. Why all Taylors and Shu makers is Liberals, and all Bakers conserwatifs, is won of them misterys as this fellah dont understand. Brown says as Bakers all considers themselves as connected with the landed Hairystockracy, by their flowery perfession, and so natrally gives themselves hairs accordingly, and is all Conserwatifs accordingly. Be that as it may, having connected myself with the Liberal Deemonstraahun on Munday, I could not, as a consistent Waiter, refuse to jine the other party on Saturday, for we Waiters ain't of not no pollytics; we likes Conserwatifs wen they supports old ways and old hinstitushons, and we likes Liberals when they're liberal to us pore Waiters.

We was quite a seleck party on Saturday, quite quiet and genteel, we hadn't no bands, and coaches and four, and banners, and mobs of people, and if my frendly Baker hadn't told me as it was a Counter Deemonstration, I should never a guessed it. Of coarse I expected to see hundreds and thousands of counter gents in there wite chokers and black cotes, them as serves behind the counters, and always asks "wot is the nex little harticle?" But no, we was much the same sort as the Mundayers, but littler in numbers, werry much littler. In fas I don't think as we ever reached as high as 500, and wen our Cheerman arrived, the great Mr. STOKES, who has such a remarkable fine memory, there was scarce 3 that number.

I natrally asked my friend and Baker how he accounted for this striking fac, wen he said as his Party cared more for quality than for quantity, and these was all like the werry finest Whites as compared with the werry grayest of Seconds, and besides, he sed, you can't expec much of a counter deemonstration for the matter of a hundred pound. Thinking that praps he was a touching upon werry dellercate ground I didn't continue the subject, but got up closer to the Cheerman. Weather it was as his speech didn't please his horid-

ence, or that it was jest a beginning to reign, I don't know, but he suttenly wasn't lissened to with no respect or haw, but was aashully chaffed by 'em, and wen one owdacious fellah called out "down with the Lords!" another shouted out, "down with STOKES!"

The Cheerman told us as how he had writ to the OME SECKERTARY for a body of police to keep order, and he had kindly sent us two, and which was quite enuff.

Wen the Cheerman had finished his speech, and moved sumthink, as he said, but I couldn't see wot it was, a Mr. CASH, most likely a Banker by his name, supported him, as he said, tho' I didn't see him do it, and sum imperent fellah moved somethink, as I was told was quite different, and aashully, as the Chairman said, carried it away by a large majority. I didn't understand a word of wot it was all about, but I have seldom seen a werry small mob of people laugh more artily, and seeing them all laugh of course set me off, and I laughed away as jolly as any on 'em, till the Baker got quite angry with me, and sed as I was no better than a sheep in wolf's clothing, to cum there as a Conserwatif and then suddenly jine the Raddioles. I tried for sum time in wane to sooth his hinjerd feelinx, but at length he yielded to reason and a nice glass of hot rum and water at the fust pub as we cum to, and so we parted good frends.

And now, having atended both these great pollytickie deemonstrations, and lissened atentively to all that I could manage to hear, and to a good deal as I couldn't manage to hunderstand, I don't mind confessing as I ain't not a bit wiser than I was afore, and judging from wot I herd on both days from them as was about me, I werry thinks as there was hundreds if not thousands on 'em, who, if they had the same onest kander as allers distingwishes an Hed Waiter, would cum boldly forred and say in the words of the nobel Roman, "no more ain't we!"

ROBERT.

RYHME BY A RADICAL.

"Our Peerless England"? Bah! Her prospect's cheerless,
And will not brighten much till she is Peer-less.

KEATS AT CANNON STREET.

In a drear-nighted November,
Oh, far from happy Peers,
Your benches ne'er remember
Being vexed with strident
cheers.
No Party "Whip" could gall
you,
Nor harm, of yore, befall you,
No Autumn Season call you
From fire- and country-side.

In a drear-nighted November,
Unhappy House of C.,
Thy least-deserving Member
Could once escape from thee;

For, with a sweet forgetting,
They stayed their constant fret-
ting,
All national interests letting
Unanimously slide.

Ah! would 'twere so this Autumn
With Peers and Members too!
But Press and Mob have taught
'em
The thing that they must do.
"We know the change, and feel it,
But who on earth can heal it?"
Says SALISBURY, "or conceal it,
At least, till WEG subside?"

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

(About Other People's Business. To the Author of "Confusion" about
"The Private Secretary" at the Globe.)

MY DEAR MR. DERRICK,

Excuse my addressing you Derriekly without any previous introduction, but, being aware that you have been engaged during the past three or four months on the production of *Twins* at the Olympic, where they will have all the attention that the Managersess, Mrs. CONOVER, can bestow upon them, and have had your time fully occupied in writin' and rehearsin', and rehearsin' RIGHTON, who, ere this appears, will have performed a "divided duty," in playing his own double, and being two single Gentlemen rolled into one,—I say, knowing what a state of Vaudevillianous *Confusion* you must have been in, I assume it as impossible that you should have been able to "steal a few hours from the night, my lad," wherein to visit the Globe, and see *The Private Secretary*, which has now passed its 100th Night. *Le petit bonhomme vit encore*—and with such signs of life that it is quite on the cards, and on the double-crown posters, too, for us to hear of his attaining the age of *Our Boys*, or something near it. It is a strange history, this, of *The Private Secretary*, and in itself a lesson to Managers, Actors, and Dramatic Authors.

Your own *Confusion* came up quietly, and the fact that it was a success grew upon the theatre-going public gradually. *Nita's First* was started at a *Matinee*, and then the child was allowed to sit up at night, and became one of the funniest babies in London. But I am sure when you have seen *The Private Secretary* as it is now re-strangled, cast, and acted, you will say, "If I were not DERRICK, I



The Private Sec'tary; or, O-Penley Hill-arious!

would be HAWTREY," though your noble nature will not grudge him the success which he, with his most valuable assistants, has obtained.

The Private Secretary, at the Prince's, was a first-night failure. A few thought that there was "stuff" in it; the majority were agreed as to the "stuff"—but doubted the quality of the material. The Bill was thrown out of the Upper House,—the Prince's,—and taken to the Globe, where cast and construction were alike changed; the first slightly, the latter considerably. An Act was cut out bodily, I am informed, dialogue was reduced, stage-business was developed, and the consequence was that the business at the Box-office and the Libraries developed at the same time; and now, in spite of Health-eries and hot weather, the Globe is full every night, the laughter is

incessant and hearty, and *tout le monde* is pleased *en bloc*, or, rather, "in *globo*."

What do they laugh at? Simply at the sight of Mr. HILL, a stout, Eccentric Uncle, with tastes as robust as himself, mistaking a poor little Verdant-Green kind of mild young Curate for his larkly go-ahead Nephew, whom he has never seen. The real Nephew, to escape duns, goes to a country house as *The Private Secretary*, occupying the situation for which the mild young Curate had been engaged. This is the peg on which the piece hangs—though I will not use the word "hangs," as it never hangs for a minute, at all events, not while Mr. HILL and PENLEY are together on the stage.



A "Tabula Rasa."

Their business 'is immense; and the contrast between them is so strikingly ridiculous, that if there were no dialogue at all, the action would be quite sufficient to keep you in fits of laughter—certainly during the First Act and most of the Second.

Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY plays admirably, and what she makes of the sympathetic landlady adds materially to the success of the piece. The character is somewhat of a novelty. Mr. JULIAN CROSS's *Gibson*, the tailor who wants to get into Society, is very good, and, considering the farcical nature of the piece, not *trop chargé*. The young ladies Miss FEATHERSTONE and Miss MILLET are, you will immediately acknowledge, charming, and uncommonly like some young ladies in country houses who love their neighbour to the extent of playing practical jokes on him.

Mr. A. BEAUMONT, as the M.F.H. in pink, looks with supreme indifference on the comic business around him, and is evidently regretting the Lyceum, as he murmurs Shakspearian quotations to himself. He looks his best—but he is not the jolly Old English Squire—only an amateur English Squire. His appearance suggests the Doge of Venice on a visit to an English sporting friend, goodnaturally trying to accommodate himself to our manners, customs, and fashion of wearing the hair. You, as a penetrating Author, would not be surprised were some one to rush in at the end, and say that a will had been found in the tailor's overcoat which declared that the Nephew was the rightful heir, and Mr. BEAUMONT was somebody else in disguise. However, this doesn't happen, and Mr. C. H. HAWTREY, Actor and Author, marries one of the young ladies—I forget which—but this is a detail—and the Impostor Squire says, patriarchally, "There, take her, you dog!" and all ends happily.

Mr. STEPHENS as the Spiritualistic Aunt is invaluable.

You, as a worker of comic plots, are nothing if not critical, and you will at once put your finger on the weak point of this piece and ask, first, "Why dress Mr. PENLEY as a Curate?" to which the answer will be, "Because it is so much more effective, and suggests the mild and placid character of the little man." Good. Then you will ask, "But, if the Uncle has never seen his Nephew, but is only aware of his being in London *studying* (for what? Law or Church?) he would be surprised to find that he has been already ordained, and his first question would be as to "when, he had become a Clergyman?"

Of course, the Nephew's answer, adroitly managed, might tend to add to the muddle, and then even this objection could not have been made. But that the Eccentric Uncle should suddenly discover that he has for a Nephew a full-fledged Parson, and yet make no remark upon it, is just what you, my dear Sir, as an Author of farcical pieces yourself, would at once spot as a palpable defect, and one so easily remedied as to astonish you that it was never observed during writing, or during rehearsal.

But, my dear Sir, you mustn't be too hard on it, and where all is fun and frolic, and when the laughter is hearty and uproarious,—oh, what a blessed thing it is to get a good laugh! and I cried at PENLEY and HILL together,—it is ungracious to inquire too closely into the means by which the end is obtained. Success to your *Twins*, and when you've started them, and have had a night's rest, you go for another night's enjoyment to the Globe, and thank your sincere admirer and well-wisher,
NIBBS.

IN ROTTEN ROW.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DYING SEASON.

In the midst of London's bustle there's a murmur and a rustle,
'Mong the leafage when the summer breezes blow,
In the emerald oasis of Hyde Park the pleasant place is—
And 'tis known to all the world as Rotten Row.

There, since Fashion bids them, gaily do all worldlings gather daily,
And they ride or drive, or lounge upon a chair;
Girls outshine the rhododendron, while the creaseless-coated men
drene
Out the compliments that fascinate the fair.

And there ride the lovely ladies, where the chequered light and
shade is,
Ne'er a town can show a more entrancing sight;
With smart cavaliers attendant, in all finery resplendent,
And their collars supernaturally tight.

There's the Duchess and her daughter, quite a gem of purest water,
She is everywhere acknowledged as the belle;
She'd inflame a staid Dominican old friar, while the cynic
Knows too truly she is only there to sell.

See the millionaire advances, with his cold triumphal glances,
Since he knows he has the pick of all the stud;
Trot her out and show her paces, for no dealer like your Grace is,
And you'll warrant both the breeding and the blood.

Has she dream of love, a woman after all is very human,
Had no accents grown too dangerously sweet;
Well, 'tis easy to recover the attentions of a lover,
And she'll certes be a matron most discreet.

She will neither fail nor falter, but stand bravely at the altar,
Though she hears the solemn service in a dream;
They were never known as cowards, or the "blood of all the
HOWARDS"
Well might curdle at pollution of its stream.

But away with cynic fancies, see the sun in fervour glances,
On fair faces that his brightest beams outshine,
'Tis not ours to presage trouble, life's a toy, a dream, a bubble;—
What's the hour? Egad, I'm off to dress and dine.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH
EXHIBITION.

PART IX.—AN ODD CORNER AND THE WATER COMPANIES.

WHEN the great Show was in course of preparation, a rumour
flew from South Kensington to the uttermost limits of the Metropolis
that the Water Companies were going to distinguish themselves. It
was reported that these monopolists were about to atone for a past of
mismanagement and extortion, by affording a display that would
soften the heart of the most indignant economist. Like a certain
classical Professional Beauty before her Judges, the purveyors of the
aquatic element were to show themselves in their native charms, and
we were to forget our animosity in our admiration. On the day
devoted to the Opening Ceremony, the Corner given over to the Com-
panies was in possession of men with hose, who impartially poured
water upon all those who attempted to pass the "No-Thoroughfare"
barriers. The meek and expectant Public humbly submitted, feeling
that the time would soon come when the mosaic pavement then being
flooded would be finished, and consequently Fairyland would stand
revealed before them. For days afterwards, the Public Press, in
describing the merits of the various other exhibits, constantly
referred to the coming glories of the "Water Companies' Pavilion"
as the Court devoted to the details of Water Supply was quaintly
termed. This was a long time ago, and now "The Pavilion" is
finished, and open to the Public. Unhappily, taken all round (and
the tour will include an Inner Court, and a kind of back-yard), the
department is decidedly disappointing.

Standing in the centre of "the Pavilion," the visitor finds himself
near a fountain, which recalls to memory the venerable squirts of
Trafalgar Square. Round about him are paintings of the riverside
property of the Companies—here is a picturesque bit of reservoir—
there something pretty in waterworks. The subjects of the pictures
are of unequal merit, and some of the Artists must have had a diffi-
cult task to render their work interesting or pleasing. Like the
self-made millionaire who would have his numberless green window-
shutters prominently depicted in the painting of his old Elizabethan
country-house, the Directors, or Managers, or Secretaries of the Com-
panies have evidently, in like manner, requested that not a well-

known tank or cherished chimney shall be omitted. The result of
this presumed command is interesting. The collection of paintings
looks like a compromise between the illustrations to some pamphlet
advertising the merits of a Laundry Company and the Annual Exhi-
bition of the Royal Academy.

Beneath these magnificent pictures appear all sort of appliances for
turning water on and turning water off, with now and again the
irrepressible Somebody's filter. After seeing the exhibits, the Public,
it is imagined, can only be half persuaded that the Companies have
a right to monopoly. So, no doubt, to complete the cure, to convince
the unconvinced, the united Element-providers turn their joint
attention to the yard which has been placed at their disposal by the
Executive Council of the Healtheries.

On the whole, it is not a nice yard. It has a dead wall on one side,
and a draughty terrace opposite. With the dead wall the Companies
have seemingly had no difficulty. Calling to their assistance the
accomplished DEFRIES of Houndsditch, they have run up a magnifi-
cent "illumination" in glass, which rivals the display of Mr. POOLE
of Savile Row on the Queen's Birthday. It is not quite clear what
this grand affair has to do with Water Companies; but what it lacks
it appropriateness it makes up in loyalty, as its chief ornament is a
huge set of Prince of Wales's Feathers. Near this splendid design is a
fountain, once more recalling the aquatic triumphs of Charing Cross.
However, here the homely squirt gives way to the betinselled dryad.
That the water thrown up in the fountain may not be lost to sight in
the gloaming, one of the ugliest lamp-posts in the world affords a
brilliant electric light, accompanied by what may be fairly called a
stunning noise. The plashing of the water combining with the
humming of the engines, recalls some of the choicest memories of a
"dirty night" in the Channel. Dividing the yard from the Museum
is a gateway decorated tastefully with an artistic arrangement in
iron pipes, and this gateway completes the display of the Water
Companies, which at first it was expected would reconcile an angry
Public to the alleged extortions of monopolists! Whether it will,
time alone can show!

THE MUSE OF MUD-SALAD MARKET.

(Loquitur.)

My name is Covent Garden,
And my case it is a hard 'un,
You'll allow,
When you hear my deposition
Of the horrible condition
I'm in now.

I'm as nice a bit of ground
As can anywhere be found
In the town;
For all sorts of vegetation
I've a well-earned reputation
And renown.

Not a hundred years ago
It was *à la mode*, you know,
To affect me,
And the fashionable crew,
As their favoured rendezvous
Did select me.

'Neath my classic colonnade
The beaux would promenade
With the belles.
At my stores to do their shoppin',
Would habitually pop in
All the swells.

Observe my present status;
Eheu, quantum mutatus,
'Tis *ab illo*!

For those jaunty days of yore
I perforce must evermore
Wear the willow.

I am nothing but a mart
Where the oostermonger's cart
Lingers late,

Where, instead of the *élite*,
All the gamins of the street
Congregate.

I've become a perfect pest
To myself, and I protest
'Tis a shame;
I am really quite a scandal
To an owner with a handle
To his name.

Folks complain with much excuse
That the odours I diffuse
Make them ill;
Can they wonder at it when
Sulphuretted hydrogen
I distil?

When they let my refuse rot
In the summer sunshine hot,
At its ease?
And that decomposing matter
Will not fail, forsooth, to scatter
Dread disease.

But the day perhaps will break
When *vendetta* I shall take
For this wrong;
And in epidemics wreak
My vengeance on the weak
And the strong.

That somebody should try
My abuse to rectify
And rebuke,
It is evidently clear;
But who will interfere
With a Duke?

HORACE ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS (*Latest Schoolboy Translation*).
—"Fata mala ducis ari domum"—"The Fates at the House are
with a bad bird of a Leader."

MRS. GAMP ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE THAMES.—"Which,
my dear, it's a British Sewage Canal!"



EFFECT OF GOOD CHEER ON OPPOSITE TEMPERAMENTS.

ASPECT OF JONES AND SMITH AT TWO DIFFERENT STAGES OF THE SAME SUMPTUOUS REPAST.

THE OLD LION AROUSED!

EH? Dead or effete? Not a bit of it! Oldish, of course, But with wondrous reserves of elastic if slumbering force. There is spring in those sinews and strength in those ponderous jaws, And they'd better be wary who come within clutch of his claws. May have fancied his fighting days over—and how he has fought!— But there probably lurked a dim doubt at the back of the thought; For the leonine eye is undimmed, and the leonine pose, Even couchant, conveys a calm *cave*! to possible foes. Now LEO is up again, rampant, defiant, and dour, For he deems the occasion for fighting has come, and the hour. Reluctant? Not he! Peace is pleasant, and welcome is rest, And the chase of small every-day game is poor sport at the best, But now the old quarry's afoot, the old foe is afield, And to skulk in one's den were as craven almost as to yield. Out, out in the open! The days of stern fray are not o'er, And the forest once more shall re-echo that resonant roar, No *Bottom*-like sham, the authentic reverberant thunder That forty years syne filled the foemen with awe and with wonder. A little less loud it may be, but less bellioose? No! The Old Lion always liked roaring, and loved a straight blow. Too tame to be toning that voice to the coo of the dove, Or go with cut claws and drawn teeth, like the Lion in love. No; like the old hunter who stirs at the sound of the horn, Or like the old knight who in war time would hold it foul scorn To skulk in retirement, and buckles on harness again, And is forth to the front of the battle to slay or be slain,— Even so the Old Lion arouses at sound of the shout Which, like that of the host which old Jericho compassed about, Bodes tumbling of ancient defences and tottering towers, And trembling of old domination and time-honoured towers. Ware Leo! His mane is aloft like a war-banner waving, As often of old, all the host of the hunters fierce braving. 'Tis silvered with age. What of that? They are vastly mistaken Who fancy the King of the Forest is sluggish or shaken. Some promising cubs are afield, but which one of the litter— Say Brummagem, Newcastle, Chelsea!—is fiercer or fitter? The young lions roar, but their thunder is not as his thunder: It shakes not as *his* shakes, the ranks of the foemen asunder.

So, seeing big fighting at hand, he's once more to the front, Still game of the battle to bear, as aforetime, the brunt, And the strength of the strongest, the pride of the proudest may fail At the sound of the Old Lion's voice, and the wag of his tail!

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

(A Vision and an Apologue.)

"I read before mine eyelids dropt their shade."

NOT CHAUCER'S "Legend of Good Women," but Mr. WRIGHT's letter to the *Standard*, recommending a preparation of *Eucalyptus* as a preventive against the incursions of dirty, disease-gendering flies into our houses, and devouring earwigs into our gardens. And I slept, and dreamt that "Realism" was dead, and Zolaism defunct, that erotic sham-classicisms were tabooed, and pornographic post-lings sent to Coventry, without a return-ticket; that prurient pen-women found neither publishers nor public for their three-volume improprieties; that gauzily-draped indecencies "adapted from the French" no longer defiled our Stage; that prying paragraph-writers and dishers-up of prison horrors were alike Eucalyptused out of existence as polluters of home and poisoners of youth. But I awoke, and behold our girls were still reading OUIDA, and our boys writing sickly sensualisms in strained and staggering stanzas; *double-entente* and semi-nudity still bewitched our shallow-brained young men; the Clubs and the Saloons still chuckled over EGOMER's smart slanders, the alums and the shop-parlours still crept and gloated over BLEDSO's brutal "Boy-Bandits" and coarsely voluptuous Brides of the Bushwhackers! So I found that it was not the House of Art or the Garden of Literature that good Mr. WRIGHT proposed to free from vermin, and I wished that he or another would discover for us a disinfectant and destroyer that should deliver us from our moral and intellectual Plague of Flies.

UNDER the somewhat satirical heading, "Royal Gifts," there was a paragraph in the *Times* last Saturday, informing the world that the QUEEN had recently presented some "More Leaves" to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. These collected Leaves are very interesting, of course, and ornamental, no doubt; but, where the chest is concerned, wouldn't "Mustard Leaves" have been more useful?



THE OLD LION AROUSED!



EQUESTRIAN PUZZLE.

PUZZLE—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIS LEGS?

ENGLISH—BROKEN, NOT BENT!

SCENE—Outside the Foreign Office. Enter the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, L. and R. They greet each other cordially.

The Premier. And how are you getting on with the Conference?

The Chancellor (cheerfully). Oh, very well, indeed. I have obeyed your instructions to the letter. From the first I refused to speak any language other than English, and they have had to submit to me. GRANVILLE was a little annoyed at first—he is so proud of his French—but ultimately he followed my example.

The Premier. And did they understand you?

The Chancellor (considering). Well, some of them did. MUNSTER was a little nasty—he said he only spoke English when out with his four-in-hand “as a perfect gentlemen rider”—and I am afraid his annoyance took the shape of all that fuss about the importation of the cholera; but the others were quiet enough. The Russian Ambassador (you know how the subjects of the Czar pick up languages) frequently observed, “Oh, yase—all right—portare here.” But I am not quite sure that he really knew to what he was assenting. (With

renewed cheerfulness.) On my word, I think your idea was far from bad—at any rate, it was novel. And now good-bye.

The Premier (with some hesitation). But are you sure we are right? I hear that the Powers are very angry about the matter.

The Chancellor. Oh, nonsense! Well, they must be angry, and now once more good-bye. (Moves off towards the Conference Chamber.)

The Premier (holding his colleague by the button-hole). I am not quite sure that it wouldn't be better if you were, after all, to use the accepted language of diplomacy.

The Chancellor. What? French! (Mr. GLADSTONE smilingly nods an affirmative.) Never! No, Sir; Britons never will be slaves! Rather than speak French, I would cut off this good right hand!

The Premier (playfully, but firmly). Nay, you must not say so. Remember the watchword of the Government is “conciliation.” Come now, you must.

The Chancellor (with much determination). Sir, I cannot.

The Premier (with fury). But you shall obey me! (Resuming his gentleness.) Nay, I forgot myself! Come, HUGH, be frank with me. There is some other reason for your refusal than policy of State. We are old friends—tell me why you will not speak French.

The Chancellor (after a severe inward struggle). Because I have never learned the language! Now, scorn me for evermore!

The Premier. No, it is not I that should condemn you! Learn, HUGH, that even your Leader is not quite sure of his irregular verbs! Ah me! what shall we do? (Joyfully.) Eureka! I have found it! You cannot speak French; then meet them halfway by uttering broken English!

The Chancellor. Broken English! I do not understand you!

The Premier (enthusiastically). Oh, it is plain enough. Say you wish to object to the presence of the Turkish Representative, all you have to observe is “Gentlemen, eat you call zat gentlemen in ze red cap—ah! how he is bad! Vat you may call kick 'im out, kick 'im out!” Now you try. Imagine you are addressing your colleagues.

The Chancellor (in broken English). Shentlemen, vat it is ve are 'ere? I tell you a leetel secret. Egypt? Ah, 'e is debt! Oh, yase—'e is in debt! Ah, zat leetel Egypt! Ve must 'elp 'im! Oh, yase. Ve must put 'im on vat you calls 'is leetel legs. Oh, yase. You not say no. It is you say not so rich it is. No, you all vat you call jolly good fellows! Oh yase, you say, “Zat leetel Egypt is goot boy. I like zat leetel Egypt. I vill 'elp 'im. I vill cut is leetel coupon. I vill knock away 'is leetel interest—one, two, ze per cent. Oh, yase, I vill do it all, zat I vill—for I am one jolly good fellow.”

The Premier. Excellent! Admirable! Splendid! Do you really think you could keep that up?

The Chancellor. With perfect ease. (Proudly.) There's lots where that comes from.

The Premier. Bravo! And now to the Conference. You won't be ten minutes settling it in that style, and then you can adjourn sine die. (Exit into the House, and polishes off the Conference.)

To “The Surrey Crowd.”

SHAME, Sirs! When victory fails to crown our banners,
Bad cricket is not mended by bad manners!

STAGE COACHING.—A Rehearsal.



NEVER DROP YOUR UNDER-JAW IN SOCIETY.

She. "WHO'S THAT TALL MAN WITH THE BALD HEAD?"

He. "BROWN, THE Q.C. HE'S THE HARDEST-WORKING MAN I KNOW. PRODIGIOUS BRAIN—STUPENDOUS!"

She. "INDEED! JUST NOW HE LOOKS AS IF HE WERE GIVING IT A LITTLE REST!"

"TUSSAUD! 'TIS PITY 'TIS SO!"

(A Record of what was heard in the Marylebone Road.)

"I MUST protest against being placed in charge of the Catalogue," said GARBALDI, emphatically. The great Italian General was standing close to the stall occupied by a young Lady at times when the Exhibition was open. "I mean what I say. The Catalogue is misleading. For instance, it talks about the Lying in State of Pío Nono. Now there is no Pope, so if there is any lying in State about the matter, it must be the lying in State of the gorgeously-covered Catalogue!"

"Good!" cried CHARLES THE SECOND, with a short dry laugh. "Very funny! And as you seem fond of a joke, my dear General, look over here at me. See, they have jammed me up between the Orchestra and my Father reading his own death-warrant! Why, I haven't got room to move—have I, you fellow with a Field-Marshal's *bâton*, standing like a naughty child behind me in the corner?"

"No, your Majesty," was the answer of the person so addressed; "and I am not in the least hurt at your calling me a 'fellow.' Fact is, as they have lost my number, I haven't an idea who I am! Rather fancy I must be the first Duke of Marlborough, or Sir WALTER RALEIGH, or MONK."

"I think the complaint about the Catalogue very just," said CHARLES DICKENS, who was standing, fixedly regarding VICTOR EMANUEL. "You may all of you remember that when we were at dear old Baker Street, I used to look after the sticks and umbrellas, and (very properly, as a literary man) keep my eye upon the books. Then the Catalogue might be relied upon. Now it is full of mistakes. For instance, in the group of which HENRY THE EIGHTH is the centre, a vulgar-looking individual in an imperial crown is numbered '172. WYCLIFFE,' and the effigy of HENRY THE FIFTH appears as 'Le Comte de PARIS.' And I ask you frankly, why should I be standing here gazing at the late King of Italy, as if I recognised in his portly person the original of the *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick*? No, no; it was not kind to take me away from the sticks and umbrellas. On my word of honour, I had grown quite attached to them."

"Well, you know, as a new-comer, I can't say much about your late quarters in Baker Street, but I should fancy they must have been better than these." It was LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL who was talking. The Leader of the Fourth Party was standing between the Marquis of HARTINGTON and Earl GRANVILLE,

who was rather cruelly exposing to view the name and address of the maker of a very bad hat. "You see there's a good deal of red and gold, which, grand in itself, isn't a good background for such as us, and as for the entrance-staircase from Baron GRANT'S, it is decidedly handsome, but nothing more. We seem all at sixes and sevens."

"Quite right," said KING JOHN, with a savage scowl. "They have mixed up the Plantagenets so hopelessly, that we are quite confusing. An old man came here with his nephew yesterday, expecting to find us in chronological order. When he discovered the truth, he was obliged to abandon his intended lecture upon English History. And one of our number has a pair of boots painfully out of repair. You can see all our defects in this huge wilderness."

"Oh, you Early People needn't grumble! Look at us poor Moderns!" cried the Empress of AUSTRIA, angrily. "Could anything be more ridiculous than the group of which I form a part? Here am I having a row with my husband for putting a cushion in an arm-chair, while the Emperor of RUSSIA skulks timorously behind a cross between a sideboard and an umbrella-stand, seemingly because he is afraid of a Nihilist explosion!"

"And don't forget poor little ill-used me, your Majesty," cried Prince EDWARD of Saxo-Weimar. "They have actually labelled my name in full, and given me such a dirty face!"

"And I ask you, is not this calculated to mislead children?" shouted JOHN KNOX, who was quarrelling as usual with MARY Queen of Scots. "They have represented me with only my left thumb, my right one has been knocked off!"

"Ah, but you are far happier than we are," said Lord BYRON, who was standing a long way apart in a corner in a second room. "I can see you from here very well, and although you are certainly rather straggling, there is an attempt at effect in your grouping. But we poor people, so to speak, behind the throne, are jumbled up together anyhow. For instance, here am I with a vulgar diamond-faced shirt-button, balancing Mr. BRADLAUGH, holding a brief. Over yonder are 'General' and Mrs. BOOTH, and Messrs. DAVITT and PARNELL. And on the other side, SPURGEON, the Russian Giant, Captain WIEB, Dr. KENEALY, Sir BARTLE FRERE, TOM THUMB, JOLY of Arc, and a few others are mixed into the most incongruous of human salads! I suppose we are considered out of date, but that is no reason why we should be insulted!"

"And look at me!" thundered BISMARCK. "At Baker Street I used to preside at the Congress. Here I am surrounded by some unimportant Grand Dukes, a few Russian Archbishops, and that betinselled and played-out old fool the SHAH!"

"And why should we be thrust into a draughty and unfinished conservatory?" asked the spokesman of a number of Turkish Generals, who, seemingly, had been hurriedly deposited on a rug in the locality specified.

"I think, too," said NAPOLEON THE THIRD, from the extra-room, "that as they have given my Uncle's carriage taken at Waterloo, they ought to have exhibited the one I used at Sedan. Both were shown at dear old Baker Street!"

"Might I ask you, Sir, if they appear to be quite comfortable in the Chamber of Horrors?" asked Count CAVOUR, who, apparently, was holding out his hand for pence, as a reward for exhibiting CHARLES KEAN as *Macbeth*.

"They tell me that they have been all put in a nice airy cellar," explained the Third NAPOLEON, courteously. "They say that the place is quite unlike their old quarters, which, as we remember, were gloomy and impressive. Their present apartment seems to be just the sort of room for the serving of a popular three-and-sixpenny *table d'hôte* dinner."

"And the Comte de LONGE?"

"Has been accommodated with a cheerful whitewashed cell. The old gentleman has his table, loaf and chair, but says he greatly misses his amusing performing rat."

"No doubt all will be right shortly," observed Dr. TAYLOR, the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in a tone of sweet conciliation. "Very likely our change of quarters was rather hurriedly conducted, and hence the apparent confusion. However, I did not wish to address your Lordships on this point. It has occurred to me that the Franchise Bill—"

But at this moment an attendant fortunately entered the rooms, and the figures instantaneously resumed their stony or rather waxy silence.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 23. THE HOUSE. LEFT SILLING. 4 A.M.

ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28. — In Lords to-night, WEMYSS called attention to new small-bores, which he discussed as if he loved 'em.

"Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," says Lord ROSEBURY, looking at ever-juvenile Earl. "Wish WEMYSS would turn his attention to the big bore type, and do something to deliver us."

STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL related their thrilling experiences on day of Franchise Demonstration. Appears when they got to corner of Berkeley Square, STRATHEDEN wanted to go one way and CAMPBELL another. Angry words ensued; desperate quarrel; crowd formed a ring; "Go it, Old Uns!" the small boys cried; police came at last; said he'd run 'em both in. STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL agreed there had been enough of that kind of thing of late. House on its trial; couldn't afford to have two more of its Members in same position, so STRATHEDEN shook hands with CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL shook hands with STRATHEDEN, and both walked off. Scarcely been on speaking terms since.

DALHOUSIE said didn't see what this had to do with Reform Demonstration. STRATHEDEN said his remarks were only prefatory, CAMPBELL was coming to other matter. REDESDALE interposed, House immediately afterwards adjourned, and CAMPBELL's speech unspoken.

Commons grinding away at Supply—Civil Service Supply, for no Irish votes to-night, and therefore no bad language. Hear of storm brewing. Been to Conference to-day of Fourth Party and Parnellites. Complain they've been overlooked in arrangements for casual Chairmen. Two taken from Liberal side, two from Conservative, none from either Third or Fourth Party. TIM HEALY means to propose JOSEPH GILLIS, who consents on condition that he must have his nap between eleven and twelve.

"Apray sah," he says, reminiscences of his wild Paris life momentarily returning, "I'm O revoar! till any time of the morning."

RANDOLPH proposes to put up WOLFE, who rather likes notion. "Should die happy," says our future Foreign Minister, "if I only had the chance of calling GLADSTONE to order, and threatening to suspend CHAMBERLAIN."

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Wednesday, 5.15 A.M.—Fine fresh morning; pleasant change from heated atmosphere of House with its forty or fifty Members sleeping and cross. Been a great occasion. COURTNEY has, as he says, vindicated firmness in managing House.

"What this Government lacks, TOBY," says he, "is Firmness.

They're much too inclined to yield. TREVELYAN would do twice as well, if he'd only a little Firmness. FORSTER much better that way. Only two men who can manage Irish Members. One is myself, the other AYRTON. AYRTON, of course, old and out of harness. I intend to be Chancellor of Exchequer, so shall stick where I am. But once in way, must take charge of an Irish Bill to show how it can be done."

Asked TREVELYAN to let him pilot Irish Magistrate's Bill. "Why, cert'nly!" said TREVELYAN, with start of surprise. Had thought he was booked for an hour after Midnight. If COURTNEY so good as to take charge of the Bill, wouldn't on any account balk his humour.

"Now, TOBY," says COURTNEY, buttoning his coat, "you keep your eye on me. I'll show you how to manage Irish Members."

Got up, moved Second Reading of Bill, added two or three sentences, resumed seat.

"See that?" he whispered over back of Bench, "TREVELYAN would have gone on for twenty minutes in his insinuating manner. Finish 'em off in three minutes."

Parnellites jump up in a body. Demand explanations. TIM HEALY asked was it possible Second Reading of Bill was to be introduced without word of explanation? HARRINGTON followed, with KENNY, GRAY, SMALL, and all the crew, including His Magnificence the ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. COURTNEY sat staring straight out before him, as if proceedings subsequent to his own remarks interested him no more. From time to time, as storm grew in intensity, heard him whisper to himself,—

"Be Firm, LEONARD HENRY! Be Firm!"

Night lengthened. Members dozed, and a rhythmical murmur coming from back bench behind the Chair marked the place where MUNDELLA lay. Worst of it was, from time to time Count moved; woke up Members. MUNDELLA roused up, led forth to be counted; then retired, and once more the gentle rhythmic sound was heard, a kind of undertone to the Debate. Only forty-four in last Count.

"Just four over a quorum," said the irrepressible TIM HEALY. "Talk about legislation by pic-nic. I call this legislation by the skin of your teeth."

"Be Firm, LEONARD HENRY! Be Firm!" said a low voice from the Treasury Bench.

Hours pass; day breaks; glass-lit ceiling paled in the dawn which showed thirteen faces looking curiously grey; on the back bench a figure gracefully disposed with hands crossed on its breast like the effigy on Crusader's tomb. Being Five o'Clock in the morning no particular reason why should not go on till Six or Eight or Ten. Nothing was being done and nothing said except by Irish Members, who droned along as their turn came. At last sign of mutiny below the Gangway on Ministerial side. DILLWYN hinted that he did not

quite understand position and supported Government with hesitation. Better adjourn Debate. Certainly. COURTNEY had no objection whatever, and at quarter past Five in the morning House adjourned, being in precisely same position as when Debate commenced at One o'Clock.

COURTNEY in high spirits. "That's a lesson they'll not forget in a hurry," he says. "Wish TREVELYAN been here to see it. But may do permanent good. Talk about tact and management, what's wanted is Firmness."

"But what about the Bill? You don't seem to have got any forrader."

"The Bill? Ah!—well—no. Wasn't thinking of the Bill."

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—Two important questions put to-night. One about Conference, on which nothing to be said except that further adjournment taken place. Other put by BORLASE:

"Has attention of Local Government Board," he asked, "been called to fearful smell in the Aye Lobby to-night?"

"Haven't heard a smell," says DILKE. "Perhaps Grand Cross has. But Hon. Member will see that, if we must have such an unpleasantness in one of the Lobbies, it is better to have it in the Lobby where the Ayes go than in that frequented by the Noes." House laughed.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Mr. RAMSAY.

DILKE asked me, since he was busy, if I would take RAMSAY out and try and explain. Sat with him for half-an-hour, but in absence of surgical appliances could do nothing.

Left early to attend dinner in Arlington Street. Most charming affair. Markiss a host in himself. Little difficulty in settling seats. Wouldn't do to put RANDOLPH too near Sir STAFFORD, or plant WOLFE next to the Noble Baron, or GORST shoulder to shoulder with ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. But everything cleverly arranged, and not a single scramble or bad word used. LORD MAYOR sang Grace, and FRED BURNABY beamed genially round as if he'd just swallowed an unusually fine box of COCKLE'S Pills—say 1874 brand. Banquet furnished regardless of expense; every luxury of season and GLADSTONE Claret in magnums. Only one toast, in spite of what newspapers say:—

"I give you, RANDOLPH," said the Markiss, "as one of the lifes and souls of the Party!"

RANDOLPH much affected in replying. "Happiest day of life. When baiting Sir STAFFORD in Commons, or when working against the Markiss in the country, had always looked forward to this epoch. A great deal had happened during the past five months. There was one thing that rankled in his breast, disturbed his dreams and caused him to neglect his food. He had once in House of Commons spoken disrespectfully of the LORD MAYOR. He wished to withdraw the expression, to apologise for it. He could only say that he had done it with the best intentions, a feeling that had actuated him in his relations with other Leaders of the Party, though at times it might have appeared otherwise. The LORD MAYOR, at least, would understand him when he said, with JUVENAL:—

"Omnibus in teris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula."

Could only say happiest moment of his life; was well worth all the trouble he had taken in browbeating his esteemed Leaders and setting the Party by the ears. Encouraged by their kind favour, they might rely upon him when necessary again to earn their favour."

LORD MAYOR sobbed audibly; everybody in tears save ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and the Noble Baron, who showed a disposition to cough and shuffle their feet, but were immediately brought to order by a tremendous scowl from their friendly host.

Business done.—STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S.

Friday.—The Noble Baron going about to-day with arm in sling. Can swear he was all right yesterday before he went to Reconciliation Retreat, 20, Arlington Street. This looks bad. Hope there wasn't a scrimmage after I left. All very well to talk about burying the hatchet; but hard on the Noble Baron to select his left arm as place of sepulture.

Business done.—Many speeches, and one or two Votes in Supply.

Saturday.—The PRIME MINISTER, in his character of the Downy One of Downing Street, announced that as England and France wouldn't play a duet together in the European Concert, the Conference had collapsed.

After this a "Scene," in which the principal parts were effectively taken by RANDOLPH, NORTHCOTE, TIM HEALY, the SPEAKER, and the Two O'CONNORS.

Business done.—The Conference's.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH FICTION (slightly altered from Tennyson).
—"Content to dwell in indecencies for ever."

FATHER THAMES'S APPEAL.

DEAR PUNCH,

I am sure you've no wish to annoy,
But, oh! when you dub me a "Dirty Old Boy,"
And picture me—smartly—as something between
A scavenger "tight" and a Mudlark unclean,
It does hurt my feelings. Why, bless you, dear PUNCH,
Don't you, *don't* you remember the Launch and the Lunch?
The cool of the evening, say just about Cookham?
The tankards of "Cup," and the throttles that took 'em?
That "cut off the breast," and that Cut on—well, well!
Do you think it's *my* fault that so foully I smell,
That so dirty I look, that so shallow I run?
No, bless your old beak, PUNCH, I know it's your fun.
A Dirty Old Boy! Yes, that's me, Sir, worse luck!
But the fault lies with them who befool me with muck.
I would run silver clear from my source to my mouth,
Defiant of dirt, independent of drouth,
If they'd only allow me. But no, not a bit of it.
They foul, and you flout, and I don't see the wit of it.
There, there, I speak frankly. I know you of old:
You've bathed in my waters so limpid and cold,
You've spooned at sweet Marlow, you've boated at Henley
(The stream was a HALSWELLE, the sky was a PENLEY!)
How oft have I mirrored your jolly old front,
Glass-clear whilst at Pangbourne you fished from a Punt?
I've listened whilst wit-sparks grew brighter and brighter,
And laughter rang loud o'er my stream from the "Mitre."
That green-shrouded window looks on to my flood,
Was the whiff then the whiff of malodorous mud?
And if down at Purfleet your nose you would nip,
Sniff at the "Trafalgar," or snort at the "Ship,"
You know that I suffered far more, Sir, than you
At the thought that *my* stream was a Stygian brew.
Be just, Sir, and own that the Dirty Old Boy
A true Thing of Beauty, for ever a joy,
Would be if they'd let him; and come down like thunder
On fools who befool, and officials who blunder.
Dear PUNCH, smash the duffers who make me a sewer!
You never did service more needed or truer.
Demolish the muck-men who herd on my brink,
And flush me with foulness, and spoil me with stink.
Some guardian give me not stupid or shabby,
Don't care if it's DILKE, do not mind if it's LABBY,
So long as he isn't a goose, or a grubber
For shekels in dye-muck or India-rubber.
This do, and you'll earn my sincerest of thanks;
And when the next time you set foot on my banks,
Or plunge in my waters, or fish in my flood,
If I shock you with stench or annoy you with mud,
You may say that not muckworms, or muddlers it shames,
But your faithful old favourite, OLD FATHER THAMES.

THE SALISBURY TALES.

ALL ENGLAND V. HATFIELD (with two Professionals).—This remarkable match will be played out in the British playing-fields in the course of the Autumn. Hatfield has the assistance of the old-fashioned slow-bowler, RICHMOND, and of the celebrated "twisters" of CAIRNS. The All-England Team will be chosen impartially from the following Clubs; viz., the Whig, Liberal, Radical, New Tory, Old Conservative, Popular, National, Patriotic, &c. The Crown and the Constitution will officiate as Umpires. The Hatfield Captain is confident; but the odds on England (and the faces of the Hatfield backers) grow longer every day; and there are doubts if the Hatfield Eleven will be complete at the last moment.

The ostrich hid his head in the sand,
All in the wilds so free,
And thought, as you know, he saw nobody, so
That nobody couldn't see he!
Lord SALISBURY sits on his tower alone,
All in the clouds so dim,
And thinks because he looks down upon we,
That we all looks up to him!

It is currently reported that when the Marquis of SALISBURY gets up in the morning, the Hatfield tenantry are expected to gather under his window to hear him crow.

There was a Minister of olden time,
Whose "*ego et rex meus*" was sublime;
But mounting SALISBURY's motto's simpler yet—
'Tis merely this, "*Ego et egomet*."

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reach, at a very cheap rate, for sanitary purposes"
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This unequalled preparation, recom-
mended by the highest Medical Authorities,
is the **SAFEGUARD OF THE HOME**, an un-
failing protection from the perils of Small-
Pox, CHOLERA, TYPHUS FEVER, DIP-
THERIA, and all other contagious diseases.
A Shilling Bottle makes 300 gallons—see
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If your Chemist is out of Stock, a Shilling
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Is entirely Free of Alcohol.
Effervescent in all Astringent Waters.
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Cooling and Purifying the Blood.
An excellent Stomachic, assisting digestion.
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the stomach. Unfortunately, like all other inven-
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